Waking one morning. In a pleasant land, By a river flowing Over golden sand:— Whence flow ye, waters, O'er your golden sand? We cause flowing From the Silent Land. Whither flow ye, waters, O'er your golden sand ? We go flowing To the Silent Land. And what is this fair realm? A grain of golden sand In the great darkness Of the Silent Land. JAMES THOMSON.

LEFT IN TRUST.

IN THE SILENT LAND.

THE STORY OF A LADY AND HER LOVER.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT. hor of" Phobe Junior" " The Curate in Charge " etc

CHAPTER III .- CONTINUED

y MRS OLPHANT.

\*\*subset\*\* Photo Junes\*\* "The Owned by Charge" et CHAPTER III.—CONTRUPS\*\* [Tree ANNAS MURES.]

\*\*After the Jabbya had die the lice feetory, Mr. Cosmo Dougles for his such interest to the control of th

pansive and enlarged being, that the masses of foliagoraweeping away toward the west, amid which the two solemn wayfarers soon disappeared, would one day, in all probability, be his own. 'No, by the by, not that; that's the entailed part,' he said to himself; then laughed again, this time partly in gentle self-ridicale, partly in pleasure, and turned his face the other way, toward Lower Liltorid-for he had made himself master of the whole particulars. Facing this way, and with the laugh still on his lips, he suddenly found himself in the presence of the Rector, who had come out by his own study window at the sight of the solitary figure on the lawn. Douglas felt himself taken in the act—though of what it would have been hard to say. He grew red in spite of himself under the gaze of the Rector's mild and dule eyes.

'Have the boys left you alone? I can't think how they could be so rude,' Mr. Ashley said.

'Not rude at all, sir. It is I who am rude. I was lazy, and promised to follow them when I had finished my—novel.' Happily, he recollected in time that he had been holding one in his hand. 'I am going now,' he added. 'I daresay I shall catch them up before they get to the house.'

'I was afraid they were leaving you to take care of yourself—that is not our old-fashioned way,' said the clergyman. 'I wish you a pleasant walk. It is a fine affernoon, but you will find the road dusty. I advise you to go over the meadows and round the lower way.'

'That is just how I intended to go.'

'Yery sensible. The boys always take the high

a fine afternoon, but you will mind the rold dusty. In advise you to go over the meadows and round the lower way.

'That is just how I intended to go.'

'Very sensible. The boys always take the high road. The other takes you round by the Beeches, much the prettiest way; but it is longer round, and that is why they never use it. A pleasant walk to you,' Mr. Ashley said, waving his hand as he went back to the house.

Donglas laughed to himself as he took the path through the meadows which Mr. Ashley had indicated. The Rector had not as yet interested himself much in what was going on, and the simplicity with which he had suggested the way which the lovers had chosen, and which led to their trysting place, amused the intruder still more. 'If he but knew i' Donglas said to himself, transferring to the old clergyman the thoughts that filled the mind of his sen, by a very natural heightening of his own importance. And yet, to tell the truth, had Mr. Ashley known, it would have been a great relief to his mind, as releasing Charley from a great danger and the parish from a possible convulsion. To know this, however, might have lessened the extreme satisfaction with which Douglas set out for the meeting. He went slowly on across the green fields, all bright in the sunshine, across the little stream, and up the leafy woodland road that led to the Beeches, his heart pleasandy agitated, his mind full of dehightful anticipations. Aune herself was sweet to him, and his conquest of her flattered him in every particular. Happiness, importance, wealth, an established place in the world, were all coming to nim, and his conquest of her flattered him in every particular. Happiness, importance, wealth, an established place in the world, were all coming to him, 'inked hand in hand with the loves and joys which surrounded the girl's own image. He had no fear of the consequences. Remorseless fathers were not of his time. Such medieval furniture had been cleared out of the world. He expected nothing from this meeting but acceptance, reconciliation, love and bappiness.

CHAPTER IV.—UNDER THE BEECHES.

The beeches were a beautiful clump of trees on a knoll in the middle of the park. They were renowned through the county, and one of the glories of Mount. When the family was absent—which did not happen often—picule parties were made up to visit them. There was nothing like them in all the country round. The soil was rich and heavy round them with the shedding of their own leaves, and when the sun got in through their big branches and touched that brown carpet it shown like specks of gold. Some of the branches were like trees in themselves, and the great gray tranks like tweers. One of them had been called, from time immemorial, the lover's tree. It was scrawled over with initials, some of them half acceptany old, or more. From the elevation on which they stood the spectator looked down upon the house lying below among its gardens, on the green terrace and the limes, and could watch what the group there was doing, while himself safe from all observation. When Douglas had informed Anne of her father's rejection of his suit, she had bidden him come to this spot to hear the issue of her own interview with Mr. Mountford. He seated himself tranquilly enough under the lover's tree to await her coming. He was not too much agitated to smoke his eight. Indeed, he was not much related to smoke his eight. Indeed, he was not much painted at all. He had no fear for the eventual lines. True, it might not come immediately. He did not know that he wanted it to come immediately. CHAPTER IV .-- UNDER THE BERCHES. regitated at all. He had no fear for the eventual issue. True, it might not come immediately. He did not know that he wanted it to come immediately. No love is one thing, to marry another. So long as be was sure of Anne, he did not mind waiting for a leaf or two. And he felt he was sure of Anne, and is that case, eventually, of her father too. Couse-south, he sat still and waited, pleased, in spite of limital, with the little lawlessness. To be recaived

face. 'Eut I thought,' he said—showing an acquantance with the circumstances which after, when she thought of it, surprised Anne—'I thought your forune came from your mother, not from Mr. Mountford at all."

forms came from your indice, no the hands; my ford at all."

And so it does; but it is all in his hands; my mother trusted in my father entirely, as she was, of course, quite right to do."

As it must have been the height of imprudence to permit her to do" cried Douglas, suddenly reddening with anger. "How could the trustees be such fools? So you, like the money, are entirely in Mr. Mount-

ford's hands?

All at once the tone had ceased to be that of a lover's interview. Anne, startled and offended, this time succeeded in drawing her hand out of his. 'Yes,' she said, with a chill of surprise in her voice, 'entirely in his hands.'

What was going to follow? Under the great become houghs, through the work of the great here is the surprise of the said.

What was going to follow? Under the great beechen boughs, through the warm summer sunsitine there seemed all at once to breathe a wintry gale which penetrated to the heart.

This sudden cloud was dissipated in a moment by another laugh, which rang almost too loudly among the trees. 'Well,' he said, drawing her arm through his again, and holding the refluctant hand clasped fast, what of that? Because you are in his hands, Anue, my own, do you think I am going to let you slip out of mine?'

The sun grew warm again, and the six delicence. The sun grew warm again, and the air delictons as

The sun grew warm again, and the air delicious as before. Two on one side, and all the world on the other, is not that a perfectly fair division? So long as there are two—if there should come to be but one, then the aspect of everything is changed. Anne's hands clasped between two bigger ones all but disappeared from view. It would be hard, vary hard, to sip out of that hold; and it was a minute or two before she regained possession of what Cosmo had called the vulgarer symbols, words. Without recurrence to their aid between people who love each other, how much can be said! That is all very well,' said Anne at last,' but whatever we may do or say we must come back to this; my father has promised to disinherit me, Cosmo, and he will not go back from his word.'
Disinherit! the very word somads romantic. Are we in a novel or are we not? I thought disinherit was only a word for the stage.'
But you know this is mere levity,' said Anne. She smiled in spite of herself. It pleased her to the bottom of her heart that he should take it so lightly—that he should refuse to be frightened by it. Wo are not boy and girl,' she said with delightful gravity of reproof. 'We must think seriously of a thing which affects our interests so much. The question is, what is to be done?'
Had she but known how keenly under his levity he was discussing that question within himself! But he went on, still half laughing, as if it were the best joke in the world.

'The only thing, so far as I can see, that is not to

he was discussing that question within himself! But he went on, still half laughing, as if it were the best joke in the world.

The only thing, so far as I can see, that is not to be sone, he said, 'is to obey papa and give me un.'

'Give up—I would not give up a dog,' cried Anne impetuously; 'and Cosmo, you!'

'I am not a dog; and yet in one sense, in Mr. Mountford's eyes—What is it, Anne, that hedges you round with such divinity, you landed people? Mountford of Mount—it sounds very well, I confess, and why was not I Douglas of somewhere or other? It is very hard upon you, but yet it is not my fault.'

'I like you infinitely better, 'cried Anne, with you first you are Douglas of nowhere, but stand upon yourself—the father of your own fortunes. That is the thing to be proud of—if one has ever any right to be proud.'

'I have not achieved much to be proud of—if one has ever any right to be proud.'

'I have not achieved much to be proud of—if one has ever any side to be done—but after? Then for the lirst time in her life Anne felt the disability of her womanhood. This tells for little so long as the relations between men and women are not in question. It is when these ties begin—and a girl, who has perhaps taken the initiative all her life, finds herself suddenly reduced to silence in face of her lover—that the bond is feit. What could she say or suggest? She had exhausted her powers when she declared with such proud emphasis that to give up was impossible. Then nature, which is above all law, stepped in and silenced her. What could she do further? It was fer him to espeak. The first sense of this compulsion was both sweet and painful to her—painful became her mind was overflowing with active energy and purpose which longed for utterance: sweet, as the sign and symbol of a new condition, a union mere rich and strange than any individuality. Anne had hecitated

return to not life of foneliness—perhale to ask myself if Anne was only a heaven y dicarm, a delusion.

'To winat T she replied, in her enthusiasm, half
sngry, to what I if you have my heari with you
and to find myself wasing—
The Anne that will be with you will be the frue
Anne, not the outside of her which must stay here.'

'Het I want the outside too. Ah, Anne, it I were
to stay here, if I could live at your gate like
(Charley Ashley (poer rellow)). But you forget that
I must go away.

'I sou't forget it. When must you go?' She
sank her voice a little and drew closer to him, and
looked at him with a cloud rising over her face,
lie must go, there was no cinding that certainty, and to think of it was like think
ing of dying—yet of a sweet death to be home
herocally for the sake each of each, and with a
speedy bright resurrection in prospect; but it would
be an extinction of all the delight of living so long
astit listed. Cosmo's mind was not so elevated as
Anne's, nor his magination so inspiring, but the
look of visionary anguish and darkness went to his
heart.

'I dou't deserve it,' he cried with a broken voice;

look of viscoury anguist and directes were observed.

'I don't deserve it,' he cried with a broken voice; which was very true. Then recovering himself, 'It would not do for me to linger after what has passed between your father and me. It will be a terrible wrench, and without knowing when we are to meet again, Love, it must be before Saturday,' he said.
They were standing close, very close together, clasping each other's hands. Two tears came into Anne's eyes, great lakes of moistures not falling, though bringing over. But she gave him such a simile as was all the sweeter reflected in them. 'By Friday, then—we must make up our minds what we are to do.'

re to do.' His fears and doubtfulness yielded for the moment His fears and doubtfulness yielded for the moment to an impulse of real enotion. 'How am I to live without you, now that I know you?' he said. 'You will not be without me, Cosmo! Did I not not tell you the best of me would be with you al-ways? Let us both think with all our might what will be hest?'

'I know what I shall feel to be the best, Anne.

"I know what I shall feel to be the best, Anne."

I know what I shall feel to be the best, Anne."
He said this with a little fervor, suddenly coming to see—as now and then a man does—by a sudden in spiration, entirely contrary to his judgment, what would be his only salvation. This answered his purpose far better than any eleverness he could have invented. She shook her head.

'We must not insist on choosing the happiest way, she said. 'We must wait—in every way, I feel sure that to wait is the only thing we can do.

'Certainly not the happiest,' he said with emphasis. 'There is no reason hecause of that interview with your father why I should not come to say good-bye. I will come on Friday publicly; but tomorrow, Anne, to-morrow, here—

She gave him her promise without hesitation. There had been no pledge against seeing him asked or given, and it was indispensable that they should settle their plans. And then they partied, he, in the agritation and contagious enthusiasm of the moment, drawn closer to the girl whom he loved, but did not understand, nearer knowing her than he had ever been before. The impulse kept him up as on borrowed wings as far as the inclosure of the park. Then Cosmo Douglas dropped down to earth, ceased to reliect Anne Mountford, and became himself. She on wings which were her own, and borrowed from no one—wings of pure visienary passion, devotion, faith—skimmed through the light air homeward, her heart wring, her sweet imagination full of visions, her courage and constancy strong as for life or death.

CHAPTER V.—Explanations.

CHAPTER V.—EXPLANATIONS.

It is an awkward and a painful thing to quarrel with a friend when he is staying under your roof; though in that case it will no doubt make a breach, and he will go away, which will relieve tyou, even if you regret it afterward. But if there is no quarrel, yet you find out suddenly that you have a grisvance—a grisvance profound and bitter, but not permitting of explanation—the state of affairs is more painful still, especially if the friend is threwn into your special society, and not taken from you by the general courtsairs of the house. It was in this unfortunate position that the young men at the Rectory found themselves on the evening that followed. There was nobody in the house to diminish the pressure. Mrs. Ashley had died some years before, and the rector, as that time left much alone, as both his sons were assent at school and university, had fallen into the natural unsocial habits of a solitary. He had been obliged to make life bearable

REW-YORK DALLY TRIBUNG, SCIDAY MARCH M. DELCHART SHEETS

STATE OF THE STATE OF THE

it's shows in every robe.

'No,' said Ashley again. His under lip went out with a doughd resistance, his big eyelids drooped.
'I haven' got much of a way—the parish, that's about all. I don't see how you could de use any damage there.
'Way are you so bifter. Charley? If you had ever taken me into your confidence you may be sure I would never have gone against you—whatever it might have cost me.'

might have cost me.'

I should like to know what you are talking about,' the other said, diving his hands into the depths of his pockets and turning to the rain once

depths of his pockets and turning to the rain once more.

Would you? I den't think it; and it's no good nating onaires. Look here. Will you believe me if I say I never meant to interfere? I never found out what was in your mind till it was too late.'

'I don't know that there is anything in my mind,' Charley said. He was holding out with all his might, but the fibres of his heart were giving way, and the ice melting. To be sure, how should anyone have found out? Had it not been bilded away at the very bottom of his heart? Aone had never suspected it, how should Cosmo? He would not even turn his heart to speak; but he was going, going! he felt it and Douglas saw it. The offender got up and laid his hand on the shoulder of his wounded friend.

and find his hand on the shoulder of his woulded friend.

'Id rather have cut off my hand, or tugged out my heart, than wound you, Charley; but I never knew till it was too late.'

All this, perhaps, was not quite true; but it was true—enough. Douglas did not want to quarrel; he liked his faithful old retainer. A bird in the hand—that is always worth something, though perhaps not so much as is the worth of the two who are in the bush; and he is a foolish man who will turn away the certain advantage of friendship for the chance of love; anyhow, the address went entirely into the simple, if wounded, heart.

'I didn't mean to show I was vexed. I don't know that I'm vexed—a man is not always in the same disposition,' he said, but his voice was changing. Dougles patted him on the shoulder, and went back to his seat.

to his seat. You needn't envy me-much, said Douglas. 'We

to his seat.

You needn't envy me—much, said Denglas. 'We don't know what's to come of it; the father won't hear of me. He would have had nothing to say to you either, and think what a rampus it would have made in the parish. And there's the rector to think of. Charley—
Perhaps you are right, 'Charley said, with a great heave of his shoulders. His pipe had gone out. As he spoke, he got up slowly, and came to the table to look for the matches. Cosmo lighted one, and held it out to him, looking on with interest while the solemn process of rekinding was gone through. Charley's face, lighted by the sixful flune as he buffed, was still as solemn as if it had been a question of life and death; and Cosmo, looking on, kept his gravity too. When this act was accomplished, the curate in silence gripped his friend's hand, and thus peace was made. Poor, faithful soul; his heart was still as heavy as lead—but pain was possible, though strife was net possible. A load was taken off his honest breast.

'Pve seen it coming,' he said, puffing harder than

"I've seen it coming,' be said, puffing harder than was needful. 'I oughth't to have felt it so much. After all, why should I grumble? I never could have been the man.'
'You are a far better follow than I am,' cried the other, with a little burst of real feeling. Charley puffed and puffed, with much exertion. The red gleam of the pipe got reflected under his shagry ey-brows in something liquid. Then he burst into an unsteady laugh.

ey brows in somothing liquid. Then he burst into an unsteady laugh.
'You might as well fire a damp haystack as light a pip, that's gone out,' was the next sentimental re-

"Have a cigar V said Coamo, tenderly producing a case out of his pocket, with eager benevolence. And thus their peace was made. Anne's name was not mentioned, neither was there anything said but these vague aliastons to the state of affairs generally. Of all things in the world sontimental explanations are most foreign to the intercourse of young Englishmen with each other. But when Willie Ashley returned, very wet, and with an incipient cold in his head from the impatient flight he had made, he was punished for his cowardly abandonsent of an unpleasant position by finding his brether with the old bonds refitted upon,him, completely restored to his eld devotion and subjection to Coamo. Willie retired to bed soon after, kicking off his boots with an eaergy which was full of wrath. The fool,' he said to humself; while the reconciled pair carried on their tobscoo and their reunion till far in the night. They were not convernational, however, though they were mark he made.
'Have a cigar f' said Cosmo, tenderly producing:

do you the justice to say that. You may have liked your own way, but even to me, that have not the first claim upon you, you have always been very good. I hope you are not going to be rebellious now. You must remember that your father's indement is far more mature than yours. He knows the world. He knows what men are?

'So long as he does not know—one thing,' said Anne, indignantly, 'what can all that other information matter to me!'

'And what is the one thing, does."

Anne did not immediately reply. She went to the nearest window and closed it, for sheer necessity of doing something; then lingered, looking out upon the rain and the darkness of the night.

'Thank you, that is quite right,' said her stepmother,' I did not know that the window was open. How damp it is, and how it rains. Anne, what is the one thing? Perhaps I might be of some use if you would tell me. What isit your father does not know?

well deline. What is tyour father does not know ?'
Me.' said Anne, coming slowly back to the light. Her slight white figure had the pose of a tall lily, so light, so firm, that its very fragility looked like strength. And her face was full of the constancy upon which, perhaps, she prided herself a little—the loyalty that would not give up a dog, as she had said. Mrs. Mountford called it obstinacy, of course. But what does that matter,' she added with some velimence, 'when in every particular we are at variance? I do not think as he does in anything. What he prizes I do not care for—and what I prize—' what I prize—'
'My dear, it is your father you are speaking of.
Of course he must know better than a young girl

My dear, it is your issued whether than a young girl like you—

'Mamma, it is not his happiness that is involved—
it is mime! and I am not such a young girl—I am of ago. How can he judge for me in what is to be the chief thing in my life!

'Anne,' said Mrs. Mountford kindly, 'this young man is almost a stranger to you—you had never seen him a year ago. Is it really true, and are you quite sure that this involves the happiness of your life?

Anne made no reply. How otherwise! she said indignantly in her heart. Was she a girl to deceive herself in such a matter—was she one to make protestations! She held her head highly, creeting her white throat more like a lily than ever. But she said not speak or tell anyone but herself what Cosmo was to her. The sensitive blood was ready to mount into her checks at the mere breathing of his name.

Mrs. Mountferd shook ker head. 'Oh, feolish children,' she said, 'you are all the same. Don't think you are the only one, Anne. When you are as old as I am you will have learned that a father's opinion is worth taking, and that your own is not so infallible after all.'

'I suppose,' said Anne softly, 'you are twice my are mamma—that would be a long time to wait to

infallible after all.'

'I suppose,' said Anne softly, 'you are twice my age, mamma—that would be a long time to wait to see which of us was right.'

'I am more than twice your age,' said Mrs. Mountford, with a little heat; then suddenly changing her tone, 'Well' so this is the new tashion we have been hearing so much of. Tura round slowly that I may see if it suits you, Rose.'

(2) be Continued next Sunday.)

AARON BURB AND MRS. HAMILTON.

Prom Notes and Queries.

When on an official visit to the United States in 1853, I spent a day or two at Mr. Strart Browne's place on the New-Jersey shore of the Hudson River, above Hoboken. General Taylor, of Ohio, was another guest, and as the house was at no great distance from the spot where the fatal duel between Burr and Hamilton took place (July 12, 1804), a conversation grose on the event, and the characteristics, public and private, of the two men. General Taylor toid us that when a very young man, studying at West Point, he was one day on board a river boat, and among the passengers were Mrs. Hamilton, widow of Alexander Hamilton, and Asron Burr, who had returned to the States after his enforced absence in Europe in consequence of his proved treasonable practices, Burr was then an old mas, but still retained much of his former confidence and manner, especially with ladies. To the astonishment of those who knew him, on discovering that Mrs. Hamilton, in the one of the steamboat, he approached her, took off his hat, and bowing, said, "Mrs. Hamilton, I believe! My name is Burr."

The effect upon the lady, new well stricken in years, was electric. Rising from her seat, she gath-yerd up her drees, as if to touch Barr with it would

and she wears literally no jewelry. She wears her brown hair waved off her forehead and cedied loo at the back. On Sunday she wore a handsome black silk, with a slight train, trimmed with heavy plack sig, with a sight train, trimmed with heavy jet passementeric. She will not hold any formal receptions during Lent. Mrs. Garfield the elder said, in speaking of her son, "If he makes as good a President as be has a sen the country has nothing to fear. James is a good man." He certainly had had no more sincere tribute than that.

TWO STORIES ABOUT HENRY IRVING.

TWO STORIES ABOUT HENRY IRVING.

Prom The Theatre.

Scene the first was enacted in a fashionable Lendon dining-room. The party gathered round the artistically arranged table was not a large one bus very celect, the hon of the evening being the great tragedian Heary Irving. One of the lady guests was overheard saying to the gentleman scated next to ber, who han taken her down to disner: "You will excuse my not looking at yoo, Mr. Badge, whan yow were speaking, but I really cannot take my eyes off Mr. Irving's face; it as 50-30 exquastely intellectual? Ir ing's face; it as 50-30 exquastely intellectual? Ir ing's face; it as 50-30 exquastely intellectual? Ir med hardly be said that Mr. Badge with a face of the dinner. When the ladies retired the gentlemen list their eigars. Mr. Badge was the first to leave the table in order to join the ladies in the drawing-room. He had hardly ascended a dozen steps when he encountered two ladies, nervously, anxiously clinging to the banisters. One of them was his late partoer at dinner; she turned toward him, and, in an imploring voice, she thus addressed him: "Cas you, Mr. Budge—can you tell newhen Mr. Irving is coming upstairs?" When he has finished smoking, I suppose," was the somewhat impatent reply. The two ladies had throw themselves into most picturesque attitudes, their hands were classed their eyes upturned, they seemed to be moder the influence of some potent suell. Suddenly, that one who had already spoken between the influence of some potent suell. Suddenly, that one who had already spoken between the influence of some potent suell. Suddenly, that one who had already spoken in the case of the ready leaves the same both pressed to her heart, he next pictured you who had already spoken in the such parts of the Earth who had already spoken in the such parts of the Earth who had already spoken in the such parts of the Earth who had already spoken in the late of the such parts of the far and the such parts of the far and the such parts of the far and the such parts of the

Bannister was an inveterate punster. Being in company one evening, a lady asked him to make a pun. "Upon what subject?" queried the actor, willing to oblige. "Oh. anything; the King, for instance," said the lady. "But the King is not a subject." was the immediate reply.